

Mine Is the Mountain

Jethro Tull

Mine is the power and mine is the glory
Mine is the mountain up which you tread
Give me bold question, give me good reason
Tell me you love me, fear all I have said

Don't imitate me, don't forsake me
In images silver, in idols of gold
Don't make me jealous, don't make me angry
Don't ever leave me out in the cold
Mine is the mountain

Bring all your pomp
Precious jewels and your finery
Build me safe haven for tablets of stone
To live through the ages, to scold and to guide you
Threaten, cajole you and cut to the bone
Mine is the mountain

I'm no pushover lamb, no gentle provider
Vengeance, retribution are my middle names
I can make a cadaver of your women, your firstborn
With a snap of a finger, of salt and of flame

Matty and Lucas may bring something softer
Gentle in word and gentle in deed
But you who ignore these things that are written
Will define the story your children will read
Mine is the mountain

Bring all your pomp
Precious jewels and your finery
Bring me safe haven for tablets of stone
To live through the ages, to scold and to guide you
Threaten, cajole you and cut to the bone
Mine is the mountain

So think of me fondly in spite of the raging
The ranting, the raving, the threatening tone
For I am the father, the power and the glory
And now, for God's sake, kindly leave me alone
Mine is the mountain